

Jon Thomas Rowland
just a couple of ridiculous old bitches.

I always came to work fifteen minutes early. Some staff had the cheek to complain about it. I suppose they were afraid I'd walk in on them asleep with their feet up on a chair, or I'd make them look bad, and they'd get fewer shifts. Instead of telling them to follow procedures, the Manager told me not to come in early any more. She said I'd been there long enough that it wasn't necessary. She criticized me for following procedures rather than criticize them for not. Her style of "management" was not self-sacrificing. It was self-saving.

I came in early; otherwise, I thought shift change wouldn't happen. At least that was how I justified it then. Maybe it was my version of "Lilly Marlene."

I put on a set of relief keys as soon as I got inside the office. Full-time permanent staff were allowed to keep their own set of keys and even take it home. Babs warned me not to hang it around my neck. Someone could choke me with it. That was probably wishful thinking. I usually tied it to a belt loop. If someone pulled it, it would break off.

No one tried to strangle me with the relief keys. No one tried to steal them either. They didn't unlock anything